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TABLET.

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Memoir of T. A. Emmet, by C. G. Haines, &c. &c. New York: G. & C. & H. Carvill.

Though deserving a more particular notice, a rapid glance at the work before us, is all, for which we at present have time: and this we regret the more, as we apprehend that a want of information exists to a considerable extent in the community in regard to the subject of this memoir. The able manner in which our author has accomplished his task, leads us also to regret, that he had not extended his materials into an ample volume, as, considering the exalted character of Emmet, and the circumstances of deep interest in which he was placed, a complete history of his life, executed in the spirited style of the present sketch, would form a valuable addition to the literature of our country. But brief as he is, much gratitude is due to Mr. H. for introducing us thus partially to the acquaintance of one whose talents and virtues have conferred so distinguished honor, not only on the land of his birth and adoption, but on the whole family of civilized man.

Thomas Addis Emmet was born at Cork, (Ireland,) about the year 1765. Of the early history of this gentleman, our information is very limited. Until the time when he joined that illustrious band of patriots, whose deeds of heroism and devotion to her cause have shed immortal glory on unfortunate Ireland, the name of Emmet was hardly known beyond the limit of his native city. Originally intended for the profession of medicine, he pursued this study both in the Scottish institutions and on the continent of Europe; but the death of an elder brother induced him to turn his attention to the law. Accordingly, after a residence of two years at the Temple, he was admitted to the Irish bar.

But Providence had cast Emmet on stormy and tumultuous times. The spirit of freedom which had slumbered for centuries in the breasts of Europeans, had begun at last to awake. Already had the proud dynasty of the Bourbons, founded in usurpation and grown old in tyranny, fallen prostrate before the giant power of free principles, and startled by its fall, the whole system of European despotism trembled at a similar destiny. His moated castle and

hireling slaves no longer shielded the oppressor. The song of liberty, swelled by the responsive voice of millions, had sounded in his affrighted ear, the death-knell of his power.

Emmet, with the eye of a philanthropist and a patriot, watched attentively these movements. In this noble struggle against unjust domination, his generous spirit deeply sympathized. He rejoiced that men had dared at length to assert those rights which God their Maker gave them, but when he turned from this cheering spectacle to survey the wretched condition of his own native land, then it was that his soul rose in defiance against her oppressors.

The state of Ireland when Emmet commenced his political career was such as could not fail to awaken the compassion and indignation of her patriots. Though endowed by nature with a liberal hand—situated most advantageously for commercial enterprise—presenting to the eye of the traveler a territory abounding in natural resources of wealth, and capable of supporting a dense population;—notwithstanding all these favorable circumstances, this unhappy country had for ages been desolated, trampled upon, and insulted by her more powerful neighbor. While other lands were enjoying the blessings of widely diffused systems of education and religious liberty, upon her blooming fields and sunny hills still rested the darkness of ignorance and the curse of intolerance. To her sons she looked with imploring eyes for deliverance and revenge. They saw, they felt her degradation, and like men they resolved to make one last, desperate, and simultaneous effort for her salvation.

The organization of the society of United Irishmen near the close of the last century was an important event in the history of that country. It would be a long though pleasant task to trace out all the windings and ramifications of this association—to describe the intricacies of the machinery which moved and governed so perfectly its operations—and to show how admirably it was adapted to effect the great end of its existence—the liberation of a nation from foreign tyranny. But this is not my intention: still, as Mr. Emmet was so intimately connected with this society, we may hazard a remark or two in regard to its character and principles.

The annals of the world afford us no example of a confederacy of men, guided by more exalted talents, or actuated by purer motives. Its object was freedom, in its noblest sense; freedom from the shackles of abused power—freedom from the more galling chains of religious intolerance. In its history may be found instances of fortitude and valor, unequaled even in the adventures of the most romantic chivalry; and directed by such men as Fitzgerald, Emmet, and Curran; had its success been commensurate with the goodness of the cause, Ireland would now stand forth a proud spectacle of national felicity and glory.

The politics of Emmet and his compatriots were revolutionary but not jacobinical. Those principles that would raise an altar to Liberty on the ruins of all institutions formed for the securing of public tranquility and domestic happiness; which emblem the murderer and assassin as the asserter and defender of the rights of man, found no place in their creed. Such impious doctrines they abhorred and detested, and he that would brand them as traitors to their country and rebels against lawfully constituted authority, would with the same sacrilegious hand tear away the laurels which encircle the names of a Tell or a Washington.

Their measures, 'tis true, were extreme, but such alone could answer the exigencies of the case. A disease, which for centuries had preyed upon the vitals of Ireland, demanded a most rigorous treatment. The blood of her children who had fallen in her ill-fated struggle, cried aloud for vengeance, and nought but the blood of their murderers could atone for their wrongs. Her people knew that until the last foot-step of her despoilers was washed from her shores, Ireland could never recover her national character and independence.

To the righteousness of this undertaking the conduct of the British government has already borne ample testimony: for, says the biographer of the unfortunate Fitzgerald, "while on those who so long refused the just claims of the Irish people lies the blame of whatever excesses they were finally driven to, the concession, late but effectual, of those measures of emancipation and reform which it was the first object of those brave associates to obtain, has set a seal on

the general justness of their cause, which no power of courts or countries can ever do away."

But the cup of Ireland's miseries was not yet full, and Emmet and his companions were doomed to witness the entire failure of their long cherished project. The causes of this failure are no longer a matter of doubt. France, from the decided stand which she had already taken as the champion of liberty in the old world, had induced other nations whom her example had encouraged to shake off the yoke of slavery, to look to her for assistance in the recovery of their rights. To secure the alliance of this powerful kingdom was the policy of the Irish patriots. Napoleon, then at the head of the French directory, eagerly seized this opportunity to chastise his worst enemy, and promised with a powerful armament to aid Ireland in her unequal conflict with the prowess of England. But when the crisis came—when Britain, in defiance of the laws of God and nations had let loose her blood-hounds of war to desolate this fairest section of her realm, where then was Napoleon and his forces? Chasing on the banks of the Nile the glittering phantom of universal empire—wasting on the schemes of his mad ambition that power which honor and interest alike demanded for the succor of the oppressed! To French infidelity, then, are we to impute the disastrous issue of the Irish conspiracy.

Of the deeds of cold-blooded barbarity that followed this unhappy event, we will not speak. Words would fail to paint the full horrors of those scenes. The turning of one of the loveliest portions of God's creation into a waste-howling wilderness—the ravishing of helpless maidens by a brutal soldiery—the slaughtering of children in the arms of their parents—these, and a thousand similar acts of wanton cruelty have affixed a stain on the character of England, which eternity alone can obliterate.

From this necessary digression we now return to the subject of our remarks. From the scaffold on which many of his gallant colleagues paid with their lives the price of their patriotism, Emmet was indeed saved, but only to endure the more lingering tortures of the dungeon. Yet during this gloomy period, when the fate of his fellow-sufferers constantly reminded him of that end which he also daily expected, that conscious sense of rectitude which is the stay and staff of the good man in adversity, preserved unimpaired the tranquility of his bosom.

At length, after years of tedious confinement, Emmet was restored to liberty; but his return to society only convinced him more painfully of the truth which he already knew. At every step, he saw fresh proof of his country's degradation; in every groan of her enslaved children, he heard the sad requiem of his hopes. He saw that the late unsuccessful rebellion had only riveted still closer the chains of Ireland's

bondage; but his noble spirit disdained to yield to the robbers of her liberties. Ireland was no longer a home for the freeman; and Emmet turned his eye towards this republic, as his future resting-place.

To the affections and sympathies of Americans, the family of Emmet found a ready admittance. His talents and patriotism had heralded his name on this side of the Atlantic, and his arrival on our shores was greeted by the cordial welcome of all the admirers of his fame. For twenty-three years he was a resident of these states, enjoying the highest reputation in his profession, the friendship and confidence of some of the most distinguished statesmen of the age, and filling with credit important offices in government. In the year 1827, this venerable man closed his earthly career, full of days and honors, leaving behind him a name and a character that will shine on the records of glory, so long as virtue and genius shall find an admirer and advocate among men.

We have already remarked sufficiently on the firmness, magnanimity, and unbending integrity which marked the political character of Emmet. In the private walks and duties of life, the same qualities exhibited themselves in no less conspicuous and lovely attitudes. And here we will leave this interesting subject; for to describe the nature of those talents which shed such renown on their possessor—to speak of that eloquence which enchained the attention, kindled the passions, and led captive by its irresistible spell, the hearts of thousands—of that learning which drew from the mines of ancient and modern literature their choicest gems—of the wit and fancy which instructed while they charmed—of that amiableness of disposition and refinement of feeling, which rendered him the ornament of the social and domestic circles—to portray in their proper colors such godlike attributes, would task a pencil of more graphic power than ours. But to no one, with greater propriety than to Emmet, can we apply Thomson's description of the man of true greatness.

In public life severe,—
To virtue still inexorably firm;
But when, beneath his low, illustrious roof
Sweet peace and happy wisdom smooth'd his brow,
Nor friendship softer was—nor love more kind.

BEAUTIFUL COMPARISON.—A black thunder cloud passed before the great light of the world. The sun was darkened for a time, but hardly had the gloomy enemy of her luster passed from before her, ere she lighted up its edge with a circle of living glory.

A good man and his spouse in the West of England, who in order to let their neighbors know that they cured those afflicted with agues as well as the jaundice, hung out a sign on which was inscribed, 'I cures a goose and my wife cures the ganders.'

Written for the Literary Tablet.

Death.

There is something peculiarly solemn and awful in the contemplation of Death; and when the mind of man, reverts to that season when he must bid adieu to all the endearing ties of kindred and affection, he feels a fearful gloom pervade him, which is not easily dissipated.

All men are alike subject to Death,—all alike exposed to his unerring shafts. Neither wealth, nor power, can stay his relentless hand: the prince and the peasant, the lofty and the low, must alike become the monster's prey. The rosy cheek of youthful health, must fade before his withering breath; and the robust form of manhood, fall beneath his blighting touch.

Human life is frail and uncertain: it is hourly surrounded by dangers, and exposed to peril. It blooms fair as the opening rose, and ripens in majesty to manhood. With delight, its possessor surveys the innumerable fields of pleasure which open before him, and dwells with rapture, upon the thousand inexhaustible gratifications which encompass him. He contemplates enjoying a long series of years in store for him, and borne into futurity upon the fleet pinions of imagination, his speculative fancy plans projects, which he anticipates putting in execution at some future period. But, whilst buried in these speculations, the hand of Death is outstretched, and all these high formed hopes of health, and happiness, are crushed in the bud.

But, how gloomy soever, be the contemplation of Death, the hope of a future state of being, deprives the monster of half his terrors, and enables us to submit with meek resignation to the will of our Maker. It is this hope, which makes all nature look gay around us, it augments all our pleasures, and supports us under all our afflictions. With the prospect of the pleasures of eternity in view, where there will be no pains, nor sorrows, sickness nor griefs, fears nor separations, we are enabled to meet with fortitude the cares and disappointments of this world, and to bid defiance to the rude storm of adversity. And yet the cold-hearted worldling, and the gloomy materialist who love to grovel in the tenfold darkness of their own perverted imaginations; impertinently tell us, that this is all fancy and delusion—that there is no future state of existence—and that the same stroke, which prostrates the body, annihilates the soul. How absurd! how ridiculous! Is man, the great masterpiece of the Creator, destined only for the drudgery and vexations of this transitory world? Is he formed, merely for the gratification of his slavish passions; and can he boast of no pre-eminence over the beasts that perish? Was he summoned into being by the omnipotent hand of God, only to flutter, like the ephemera, in the sunbeams of a brief existence, and then, to fall and be no more forever? No! man was created for greater, for nobler, for more refined purposes than these;

his chief end is declared to be the glorification and enjoyment of God forever. The soul is that immortal part of man, breathed into him by his Maker, consequently, emanating immediately from the divine essence, (the great source of life,) and partaking of the nature of that essence, we have every reason to believe that it is imperishable. The very dread of death, which the human soul evinces; is an incontestible proof of its immortality. How carefully does it shun every appearance of danger, and how does it recoil with horror, at the idea of annihilation! Nor is the restlessness of the soul, a lesser proof of its immortality. It cannot be fettered, but free as air, it is ever on the excursive wing—ever in pursuit of something new. It dives into the bowels of the earth—discovers the different layers of strata situated there—penetrates into the most hidden recesses of nature—wings its way into the heavens, and contemplates with admiration and awe the different planets—measures their distances and ascertains their courses through the boundless tract of space—and mounting still higher in her lofty flight—strives to grasp the great Infinite himself! Do not these mighty faculties proclaim the soul to be of immortal birth? And yet, there are those, who will persist in telling us that this living principle—this mysterious immateriality is destined to annihilation! How shocking the thought! how repulsive to human nature! There is a certain incomprehensible something in the human breast, which will convince every unprejudiced mind that this reasoning is false. Disease may infect the body, and Death may grasp it in his terrific embrace, but the soul—the immortal soul is untainted, unharmed! Dismembered of the vile dross which bound her down to earth, she feels, as it were, a new existence imparted to her, and a new energy inspiring her. With rapture, she plumes her eagle pinions, and wings her way triumphantly to the God whence she originally sprung, while the stupendous arch of heaven re-echoes with the sound of her mighty pean. HESPERUS.

Written for the Literary Tablet.

Cursory Remarks on the Poetical Remains of Wilcox.

If the merits of poetry are to be estimated, not by the quantity of meretricious ornament and false conceit in which it is decked, but by its truth to nature and power of awakening the emotions and passions of the soul, we should be disposed to rank Mr. Wilcox and others of the same school, high on the list of poetic excellence. His works, indeed, display not that intellectual weight which draws to its dazzling sphere the wondering eyes of nations, and, while it commands their homage, repels all approach to its presence, but a milder, kindlier spirit which readily finds its way to our hearts, and with which we commune as with an accustomed guest. The genius of Milton and Byron we venerate as of some higher order of beings; but it is while wan-

dering through scenes consecrated by the gentler strains of a Cowper or a Burns that we feel the full influence of poetic inspiration on our spirits.

To attempt a delineation of the uncommon excellencies which are combined in the poetry of Wilcox, is to undertake no easy task. To exhibit in their unadorned beauty the features of his mental character, the native simplicity, the exquisite sensibility and delicacy of feeling which diffuse so sweet a charm over his productions, would require a discrimination of judgment and maturity of taste, to which we make no pretensions. His mind was one of nature's finest workmanship, and though of too sensitive a structure to astonish by the boldness and sublimity of its creations, was richly fraught with those more amiable qualities which find a welcome and response in every human bosom.

The poetry of Wilcox discovers a passionate fondness for natural scenery, and a felicity of selection and power of combination, equally rare and admirable. His landscapes are not those vague and undefined assemblages of the commonplace objects of observation, which render so insipid the efforts of ordinary minds—but those living resemblances of nature, to the fidelity of which the experience of every one bears daily assent. The pictures of rural tranquility and domestic love, with which the 'Age of Benevolence' abounds, will often find their originals among the quiet vales of New-England, nor can it be sufficiently lamented, that its author was not spared to complete a poem, uniting so much interesting local description with such purity and elevation of moral sentiment.

But Mr. Wilcox was not only an accurate copyist of nature;—his own conceptions, as embodied in the following introductory stanzas to the 'Religion of Taste,' show him possessed of a luxuriant fancy and a happy talent for rich and beautiful painting:—

"Just in the centre of that wood was reared
Her castle, all of marble smooth and white;
Above the thick young trees, its top appeared
Among the naked trunks of towering height;
And here at morn and eve it glistened bright,
As often by the far off traveller seen
In level sun-beams, or at dead of night
When the low moon shot in her rays between
That wide spread roof and floor of solid foliage
green."

"Through this wide interval, the mountain side
Show'd many a sylvan slope and rocky steep:—
Here, roaring torrents in dark forests hide;
There, silver streamlets rush to view and leap
Unheard from lofty cliffs to valleys deep:
Here, rugged peaks look smooth in sunset glow,
Along the clear horizon's western sweep;
There, from some eastern summit moon-beams
flow
Along the level wood far down to plains below."

The 'sweet and tender melancholy' which entered so largely into the constitution of Wilcox, and is so often found connected with extensive sensitiveness of mind, occasionally breathes through his verses in strains of inexpressible pathos. In the

hearts of many we are aware such notes will awaken no kindred vibrations,—yet there are not a few who may recollect moments of similar feelings with these;—

"'Tis sweet to see, while faith the bosom cheers,
The withering of the flowers that fancy rears,
The fading of her visions once so bright,
And when her bubbles burst, to smile in tears,
That we could trust so much in things so light,
So sure to lead astray and then to take their flight."

Few knew better than Wilcox, how to shade the darker features of human existence, and few have done it more skilfully.

But the principal attraction of the poetry of Wilcox is found in the deep sentiment of piety and in the expansive benevolence which mark so impressively every creation of his highly gifted and well furnished mind: and while the scholar and man of taste dwell with delight on the classical purity and unaffected elegance of his style, these are the key which admits him to the warmest sympathies of the Christian's heart. The spirit which inspired the following impassioned lines, we recognize as the same which brought divine compassion from the skies—which armed with unearthly fortitude the primitive saints, which has guided the church through changes innumerable to her present enviable elevation, and which promises at no distant period to redeem to the dominion of its rightful sovereign, this revolted world. Let but such sentiments pervade the entire body of Christians and philanthropists—let but their influence appear in its full energy, directing all their efforts in the cause of man's salvation, and this earth would soon be reconverted from its present deformity and wretchedness into the paradise of the Lord.

"Wake, thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers,
Lest these lost years should haunt thee on the
night
When death is waiting for thy number'd hours
To take their swift and everlasting flight;
Wake, e'er the earth-born charm unnerve thee
quite,
And be thy thoughts to work divine address'd;
Do something,—do it soon—with all thy might;
An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,
And God himself inactive were no longer blest."

"Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know,—
Shalt bless the earth while in old world above—
The good begun by thee shall onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider grow;
The seed, that in these few and fleeting hours,
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,
And yield thee fruits divine in heaven's immortal
bowers."

Such were some of the more prominent traits in the character of Mr. W. as a poet: as a man, it was singularly interesting and lovely. Yet was not his life wanting in its lines of deep and inexplicable mystery. Like many others of the favorites of genius his days were clouded with gloom and dejection, and his aspiring spirit fettered down by poverty and disappointment. Though he lived long enough to achieve for himself a conspicuous place in the temple of our national poetry, had his circumstances been less confined, his talents would doubtless

have sought wider and loftier fields of exertion, and have reared for their possession and his country a prouder monument of fame. Often, while reviewing his brief and melancholy career, has the interrogation of the poet forced itself upon us,—

"Is their no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who *greatly think*, or bravely die?"
AZO.

Written for the Literary Tablet.

Anonymous Writings.

—Convivæ prope dissentire videntur,
Poscentes vario multum diversa palato:
Quid dem? Quid non dem? HOR.

—What would you have me do,
When out of twenty I can please not two?—
One likes the pheasant's wing, and one the leg?
The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg;
Hard task to hit the palate of such guests.
POPE.

Quanti emptæ? parvo. Quanto ergo? octo assibus.
Ehue! HOR.

What doth it cost? Not much upon my word.
How much pray? Why, Two pence. Two pence! O Lord! CREECH.

It has, in modern times, been the common custom with authors, to make their first appearance before the public under a fictitious name. This practice, surely, under such restrictions as may by and by be specified, involves nothing which can reasonably meet with censure from the community, while to the writer it is of substantial utility. It will not, I think, be questioned, that, had such a mode of procedure been impracticable, many of the finest productions in our language, would not, at the present moment, be pouring their light on the human mind. It is the characteristic of genius to sequester itself from the impudent gaze and slanderous tongue of the noisy throng: nor with less horror has it usually risked exposure to the envenomed shaft of the critic, whose name carries a greater dread, even, than the vociferous rabble, since it is his *profession* (I speak of the age as it is, not as it should be) to spy out every blemish, while he ingeniously conceals his beauty. Criticism has, indeed, occasionally performed a valuable service for literature, as good sometimes springs from evil. Occasionally we see a Byron rising superior to the lashes of an arrogant censor, and unfolding latent powers which are destined, in their eccentric and dazzling course, to astonish the world. Those are minds, however, of a peculiarly firm texture, whose powers can be called into exercise only by this severe application of the whip and spur; so much so as to form a proper exception to the mass of mind. The opposite is the more usual result. It would have required a pressure of penury approaching certainly very near to the borders of the *ne plus ultra*, to have so wrought on the principles and feelings of such men as Addison, Johnson, and Goldsmith, as to have induced them to annex their names to the Spectator, the Rambler, or the Travel-

er, as they issued from the press; ere yet their reputation was established, and while envy with its despicable spleen and malignity, with weapons of infernal temper, might be supposed ready to commence the attack with wonted fury.

It is from a deference to this feeling of modesty and distrust, so often a constituent in the character of the man of genius, that anonymous publications lay a strong claim to our candor. If we may be allowed to repose the least confidence in the after-confessions of authors, it is with the deepest and most agitating solicitude, that they venture to set afloat their labored treasure; fearful whether it may be destined to rise triumphant and immortal from the overwhelming wave, or, after a few faint struggles, to terminate an ephemeral existence by a fatal plunge.

"Ad locum umbrarum, sommi, noctisque soporæ." Why should it be otherwise? Reputation, in every case where depravity and villainy have not erased from the soul all ingenuous sentiments, is dearer than any other earthly object. On that point, mankind, savage and civilized, under all circumstances, have proved to be most sensitive. By suppressing his name, the author effectually secures his reputation against attacks from any quarter. He may follow his treasure along its devious course; may witness its reception, partake of its triumph, and share in its defects, himself behind the screen. If it shall safely pass through the ordeal of public opinion, and make good its claims to patronage, the author will throw off the mask; or if it shall appear that he passed too favorable a judgment on his talents, his vanity will meet with a proper reproof, while his feelings will be spared the chagrin which must unavoidably wait on a public disclosure.

Nor is this a convenience attended with any opposing evil: invaluable as is the boon, it is not purchased at the expense of any one's comforts or rights, unless, perchance, some may deem it an infringement of prerogative, to remove the possibility of triumphing, with fiendish joy, over the misfortune of another. It is surely a matter wholly unimportant whether I know or do not know the author of the novel which I may be perusing. That tissue of queries with which we often find ourselves besieged, on the appearance of some new book, "Who is the author?" "where does he live?" "Is he an American?" is this his first essay?" "what is his reputation?" "what is his family?" as if they were indispensable pre-requisites to an intelligent conclusion, are wholly irrelevant, tending only to disgust and vex him who is forced to sustain the shock, while they render ridiculous the querist. But it is asked, "Would not a possession of the information which the above queries contemplate, greatly modify the mode of perusal?" I do not doubt it. And this is the reason why they are irrelevant, or rather worse than irrelevant—positively injurious, if successful.

In order to read a book as it *should* be read, it is indispensable we should come to it with minds perfectly unbiassed, open to every impression which the sentiment and style may produce. This will be impossible, if the reader is in possession of the information supposed. Such facts will necessarily form a part of the data from which he draws his conclusions, and will more or less modify his perception of the blemishes or beauties.

The same remarks are applicable to various other species of composition. In all cases of *reasoning* and *opinion*, it can effect no valuable purpose, that the title page chances to be graced with a name which the reader may know or may not, or that its first pages contain a biographical sketch of the author. The honest and intelligent inquirer after truth will probably prefer, that his judgment be not embarrassed with the extraneous information. Be it a treatise on Philosophy, on Mathematics, on Ethics, on Religion, he is to receive or reject it on its own merits. In this instance the *argumentum ad verecundiam*, in fact proves nothing. Authority is always a dangerous guide to faith and practice. It will be no difficult task for the student in history to call to mind a long list of names, "high on the rolls of fame," who wasted their energies in abetting the most absurd and visionary theories, or degraded their understandings to the most egregious trifling. No! the great principle which is to guide, is conformity or non-conformity to truth, eternal, immutable truth. Are the reasonings sound, the conclusions logical, just? is his understanding beguiled by no fallacy, cajoled by no trickery? these are the points which it is incumbent upon him to settle.

There are some species of writing, however, to which the suppression of the author's name forms a very valid objection. Such is that extensive branch of literature denominated history; whether occurring in the subordinate species of biography, annals, travels, sketches, or in the more stately form of a regular and legitimate work of history. The merits of the historian consist entirely in his rigid and scrupulous conformity to truth. If this fundamental quality be wanting in his treatise, no matter how pure its diction or how enchanting the drapery, as a history it possesses no merits. It may be read with greater avidity than works of more labor-ed accuracy; it will result, however, from other qualities than the distinctive traits of authentic history. Such being the quality of valuable history, it is of the first importance that the author be a man of known and approved integrity. We must necessarily repose great confidence in his assertions; and it is but just that we possess some security that he does not make a mockery of our credulity. This we cannot have, if he screen himself under the mask of a fictitious name, and thus render himself irresponsible at the bar of public opinion.

With little variation, the same remarks are applicable to writings of a defamatory character. Men of the purest intentions and most irreproachable lives have often been assailed by the foul pen of calumny. All means of redress are usually rendered impracticable by the clandestine mode of attack. If countenance is given to these anonymous sallies, the veriest scoundrel is armed with a power which the most unimpeachable integrity cannot resist. Virtue and patriotism are at the mercy of wretched scribes, whose profession and delight it is to defame. Perhaps the only exception which will justify this mode of attack, results from the degeneracy and venality of public functionaries. The abuses of men in power may become so alarming as to warrant the application of a desperate remedy: they may have so entrenched themselves that an open exposure of their corruption would be madness. Such were the circumstances under which Junius wrote; and which have, in the judgment of mankind, justified the rancor and venom with which, under his fictitious title he attacked both king and ministers.

These thoughts arose in my mind on reading an extract from the "London Christian Observer," in which a censure is passed upon Sir Walter Scott for denying the authorship of the Waverly Novels. The editors speak of a "long continued and defended course of deliberate falsehood." What the facts may have been in the case the writer is not informed. That he may have persisted in the denial beyond proper and reasonable limits, I do not undertake to determine; yet the sweeping conclusion which is drawn, that the act "proves him to have been a man destitute of conscientious principle," is uncharitable and unwarrantable.

Ubi plura nitent—non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura—

That the distinguished author had a perfect right to suppress his name, if he saw fit, will not be called in question. The character of the writings were such as to render it matter of no importance that their authorship should be known. Was it, then, incumbent upon him to lend a deferential ear to every man who might choose to interest himself in a matter which, in no way, concerned him? I have always supposed the assumption of a fictitious title equivalent to an assertion, that the author intended to elude every effort at discovery; and as furnishing a sort of check upon the inquisitiveness of persons of a certain class. And I think there is good reason to conclude that the community view the subject under a similar aspect; and that they repose no more confidence in the strongest asseveration, than in the "not at home," which is so well understood by persons in fashionable life.

It is not my intention to attempt a defence of Sir Walter Scott. He needs none. His labors are among us; himself in that

world where justice is dealt, to all with even hand. It is certainly a subject of regret, that such uncommon talents were employed, to so great a degree, in the production of mere entertainment, when they might have been consecrated to far nobler purposes. Yet we do his memory great injustice, if we fail to take a view of that branch of literature in which he so pre-eminently excelled, *before* he commenced his brilliant career. If we are just we shall regard Sir Walter Scott as the reformer of a vitiated taste already in existence, rather than its creator. At the time he embarked on the sea of fiction, Europe was flooded with French and English novels of the most despicable character. They were not only divested of all appearance of useful instruction—a perfect tissue of high wrought and out-strained narrative, incidents surpassing credulity, mysteries and wonders incomprehensible and inexplicable; but of a decidedly immoral and vicious tendency—poisoned by French infidelity and polluted by the delineation of French manners. These, it must be remembered, were read with avidity by both sexes, and, by pre-occupying the mind, were contributing greatly to form the moral character. On the character of the Waverly Novels, it is superfluous to comment. I thought it proper to remark thus much in palliation (if any be necessary) of an individual whom all must hold in high estimation, however they may regret the direction of his talents. A.

The Child of the Cascade.

A WESTERN TALE.

CHAPTER IX.

Defeated in his polluted plans, Gordon returned home in a rage which baffles all conception. Every parental feeling in his bosom seemed fled, as he meditated on some plan that would effectually succeed; for now Henry had found out his object, his eagle eye would be ever on the watch. Could he but destroy the life of Henry in secret, it would gratify his feeling; and yet, hardened as he was, he could not bring his mind to commit the deed with his own hands; and again, he even yet felt the effects of that herculean grasp with which his son in indignation had seized him. He knew his strength, and that powerful must be the individual who could contend with him, for his nervous arm had hurled him with ease to the ground, and therefore, he himself would be but an infant in his hands.

To be thus foiled in his schemes on Matilda, by that son whom he had sent into the army, in the hopes that some friendly bullet of the enemy might put an end to his existence; but instead of death meeting him, he had met only defeat, and covered himself with honor, and been paroled to return, at a moment when he wished him farthest off, was too much for him to bear. He cursed his unlucky stars that things should

have turned out so contrary to his expectations, as if meant to defeat him.

But I will even yet succeed, said he, as he betook himself to the favorite soother of all his disappointments—the blushing decanter; and he drank until, like a dead man, he fell from his chair on the floor, muttering horrid imprecations on the devoted head of his son.

Here we must leave Gordon in his drunken fit, and proceed in our chain of events, which throw a faint glimmer of light for a moment on the father of the little Henry, who, our readers will recollect, was left in the family of the Butterfields, by the extraordinary absence of the father and the melancholy death of his mother.

Involved in mystery as this part of our tale has been, respecting the acquisition to the family of Nicholas, we have since that period been searching for the facts to solve the mystery and introduce the unnatural wretch to our readers, who by this time may be curious to learn something of the character of this Diabolus. We now perform the task of bringing him into notice in the present chapter.

It will be recollected that Gordon upon his arrival after so many years of absence, associated himself with an abandoned fellow, and was in company with him when he sought the destruction of the honest, industrious family, whose peace of mind he destroyed in seducing the lovely Maria, the mother of the Child of the Cascade.—We have already stated that his associate did not succeed;—he had previously been forced to marry an interesting girl whose parents resided on the frontiers, for similar conduct, and this female was still living near her parents—while he cruelly absented himself from her, and became the companion of Gordon. Letters passed frequently between them, which for a time quieted the feelings of his absent wife. At length she resolved to go to him. Accordingly, taking her child, a fine boy, she set out in quest of her husband, and reached the residence of Charles Gordon, where she found him. There for a few days she tarried, and in vain solicited him to return with herself and child to the westward.—Her delicate situation induced him to delay the return of his wife; but finally by entreaties he was at length persuaded to start with her. It being late in the day on their setting out, and an unexpected storm coming on, they, as has already been related, sought admission into the house of Dame Butterfield.

The morning after the accouchment of his wife, when he left the residence to procure some necessaries for her, he conceived the inhuman plan of abandoning her, and fleeing to his native dominions, the Canadas. He immediately returned to Gordon's residence, and communicated to him the scheme, who readily countenanced the plan, as he wished to have him absent, that he might prosecute his intended plans on Matilda, whom our readers will recollect he was so

struck with at the time they unexpectedly surprised her in the garden with the little Julia. He did not communicate to Gordon the place where he had left his wife, and it was not until after Gordon had visited the Butterfield family for the first time, that from the story of the dame, he knew that the little Henry was the child of his companion in vice.

In the mean time he started for Canada and passed himself off as a single man, little thinking at that time it was the fact, that he had in reality lost his wife. For a series of months, he paid his addresses to a young lady, who, report informed him, was in possession of considerable property; but she, on learning of his dissipated habits, cast him off, and her mother forbade him the house. Stung to the quick, at being defeated in his nefarious plans, he resolved that he would seek an opportunity of revenge.

This wretch, whom our readers may hereafter know by the name of Renard, soon after connected himself with some congenial spirits, and, for a short time, forgot, in the vortex of dissipation, the objects of his revenge; but being reduced to his last shilling, he formed the hellish design of rifling and burning the house, in which the young lady who had cast him off, and her mother, resided. Imparting his plan to his companions, they formed their scheme, the result of which will be seen, while we now relate the cause of the sudden appearance of Henry, in the vicinity of Butterfield's domains, at the close of the last chapter.

A week or two after Henry's capture, he was entirely recovered from the few slight wounds received in the engagement at Fort Niagara, and shortly was paroled, and suffered to return to the States to await his exchange, which he ardently hoped would soon take place. The laws of nations, in his then situation, prevented him from joining his regiment, and he was determined on taking this opportunity of making a visit to his friends. Previous to his starting from the British dominions, he several times, by special permission, rode out for the benefit of his health, and rambled a considerable distance around the country.

The evening before he was to start for the States, night overtook him ere he was aware, and he slowly rode along, musing on the vicissitudes of fortune. Matilda was uppermost in his thoughts, and his youthful imagination pictured to him the happiness he should enjoy in taking by surprise the family of Nicholas. Of a sudden his horse stopped opposite a house situated a little from the road. This aroused him from his pleasing thoughts, and he turned to ascertain the cause of the sudden halting of his horse. A confused noise proceeded from the house, and he turned his horse into a narrow lane that led to it.

As he approached the house, of a sudden it seemed illuminated, and ere he had time to ponder on the strangeness of the appear-

ance which it assumed, a column of flame burst from the roof, spreading with almost the rapidity of lightning.

"Ha!" exclaimed he, striking the rows of his spurs into the sides of his horse, who now bounded with him towards the flaming building. In an instant he reached the gate, and springing from the animal, rushed towards the door. It was fastened, and he seized a piece of wood near by, to drive it from its hinges. Scarcely had the shattered door swung back, when two men rushed past him, one of them leaping the fence which enclosed the domain.

"Stop, infernal fiend!" exclaimed he, seizing the other with an iron grasp, while he continued—"Damned incendiary, who art thou?" and he threw him with herculean strength against the burning building. The wretch uttered a hollow groan, as he rebounded from the house, and fell upon the ground; and like an arrow, Henry shot forward into the dwelling.

The first room was filled with smoke and flame, through which he rushed to the stairs which led above. Here too, was another barrier, but with his foot he drove it from its position, and ascended to the second story. He now hallooed loudly, rushing from room to room, but not an individual was to be heard. At length, scorched with flame, and almost suffocated with smoke, he descended to the first floor, and darting through the different rooms, convinced himself that no one was in the building. His situation was now painful beyond description. It was in vain to attempt arresting the flames, which were fast enveloping the interior of the house, and he rushed from the building into the open air. On issuing from the door he saw the companion of the man whom he had hurled to the earth, dragging the body towards a horse, which he instantly lifted upon it, and springing behind, galloped down towards the road.

"Halt! incendiary, fiend!" vociferated Henry, rushing towards his horse at the gate, and bounding into the saddle to pursue him. His horse had made two or three leaps, when his progress was arrested by a cry of distress, accompanied by loud shrieks. "God of battles assist me," exclaimed he, stopping short, and turning towards where the sounds proceeded.

The flaming building then spread a glare of light around, tipping the towering forest close at hand, with smoke and blazing cinders, and through an opening in the woods he discovered several persons struggling together. Dismounting immediately, he rapidly approached the spot, while incessant screams assailed his ears, which he now found proceeded from two females.

"Midnight hellhounds, stop!" exclaimed he, redoubling his speed.

In an instant a female darted towards him, exclaiming, in breathless anxiety—"Oh, save him! save him!"

"Who?" asked he, "save who?"—"Hold, monsters?" continued he, springing

forward, and with one blow of his sword-cane, leveled an assassin in the act of snapping a pistol at him, shivering the cane to pieces, leaving nothing but the sword part in his hand.

The villain, as he fell, caught hold of Henry with a convulsive grasp, almost dragging him to the earth; but quick as lightning he disengaged the ruffian's hold, and made a pass at another, who that instant had also sprung towards him; but he warded the blow, and grappled in with him, hugging his bosom with a lion's strength. He now found he must exert himself or die, for the wretch clasped in his hands a small dagger, with which he was endeavoring to pierce him, as he maintained his tremendous grasp. "Loosen me, or die, thou human tiger!" said Henry, shortening the point of his cane sword, which he placed at the villain's throat—"another instant, and by the God of battles I drive this blade through," said he, while, with the other hand, he grasped his collar.

The wretch felt the sharp point entering the skin, and loosened his hold, springing back; but Henry with a sudden jerk hurled him to the earth. He now perceived a man with his back towards a tree, defending himself against another villain; but on seeing Henry rushing towards them, the villain immediately darted into the darkness of the forest. As his dark form receded from view, Henry thought he recognized something familiar in his size and movements; but the confusion of the scene and agitation of his mind, made him doubt, and he banished the thought. The person who was attacked immediately rushed towards the females, who instantly folded him in their arms. As Henry came up, the elder of the females addressed him—

"Gallant stranger," said he, "receive our thanks for your assistance."

She was proceeding, when the man who now, for the first time, he discovered was a British officer, stepped towards him.

"You are an American prisoner, sir," said he, eyeing him intently.

"I am, sir," laconically answered Henry.

"We have seen each other before," returned the officer, smiling, and pointing to his sword arm.

By the light of the burning house, which was now nearly reduced to a heap of ruins, Henry recognized the officer whom he had wounded at Niagara; and, putting forth his hand, the Briton grasped it cordially, saying—

"This is twice I owe my life to you, Captain Gordon;" and turning, immediately introduced him to his mother and sister.

Henry now learnt that they had been absent in the afternoon, and were returning to the house, when they found it beset by Renard, and his gang of villains, who, not content with rifling it, had set it on fire, and seemed determined to finish their plan with the murder of his mother, son, and

daughter, which his timely assistance had defeated. He now, after accompanying the sufferers to a neighboring house, took his leave, and safely returned to his quarters, which the next morning he was to leave, and return to the States.

The next morning arrived, and with it all his hopes revived of shortly embracing his friends. Accordingly he was conveyed to the line of separation between the two dominions, and duly returned, with the prospect of a speedy exchange taking place, and of legally acting again against the foes of his country.

As soon as possible he started for the residence of his parent, which he reached; but not finding him at home, and being impatient to see Matilda, he set off the residence of her parents. On his entering the well known dwelling, old Sarah recognized him, and hung on him with a truly motherly affection, continually asking questions about the wars, and chiding him for his *despert* fighting. Not seeing Matilda, he inquired for her, and on learning that she had walked out, he immediately slipped off in pursuit of her. He was hurrying around the domains, when the scream arrested his attention, and he found her as has been related in the previous chapter.

THE TABLET.

Orphan Asylum.

The benevolent ladies of New Haven are making vigorous efforts for the establishment of an Asylum for the protection and education of destitute orphans. This plan has been submitted to a number of our most wealthy and influential citizens, and we are happy to learn that the gentlemen gave strong assurances of co-operation and assistance. Encouraged by these preliminary efforts, a public meeting of our citizens was held at the North Church on Monday evening last. Judge Daggett was called to the Chair, and Wm. W. Boardman, Esq., was Secretary. The meeting was addressed by the Rev. Dr. Croswell, the Rev. Mr. Bacon, and Prof. Silliman, and a resolution passed approving of the plan, and recommending it to the countenance, the patronage, and the prayers of the community. A committee of gentlemen was also appointed, at the request of the ladies, with whom they might advise on this interesting subject.

We rejoice exceedingly in being permitted to pen the above paragraph. The fact announced is one of the utmost importance to that unfortunate class of our fellow-beings, whom the Asylum Association propose to take by the hand and lead in the paths of virtue and honor. The subject cannot fail to commend itself to the heart of every citizen, and call forth the warmest feelings of sympathy from every bosom. No one can offer the slightest objection to an institution of this kind; but every one can bring forward a thousand arguments in its favor. We only need reflect for a moment on the woes which await the destitute and friendless orphan—the thousand temptations which surround the path, and allure the

young immortal to ruin; and we can at once appreciate the importance of this blessed charity. We hope our citizens will not fail to give substantial evidence of their approbation of the proposed institution.

Distinguished Visitor.

On Sunday evening last, our peaceful little city was honored with a visit from the venerable Jack Frost, Esq., whose hoary locks have become familiar to the inhabitants of the Northern States, by an acquaintance of many winters. Jack came riding into town on the wings of a strong northern blast, and was superbly attired in the latest *winter fashions*. He was attended by a splendid retinue, dressed in the purest white. The whole cavalcade, on entering the city, performed various fantastic evolutions, and presented an appearance beautifully sublime—Old Boreas, who acted as trumpeter on the occasion, playing one of his best tunes during the performance of the ceremony. Notwithstanding the splendor of this exhibition, the appearance of the visitors was any thing but a welcome sight to a majority of our good citizens, who, on other occasions, are generally hospitably disposed. As soon as the procession had entered the city, those who composed it rather unceremoniously entered our dwellings, and insisted on taking lodgings. Jack appeared to rejoice exceedingly in this opportunity of greeting his old friends. With an expression of affection peculiarly his own, he would seize the ears, and even the noses of every member of the family, and give them a loving squeeze; and then he would amuse himself by writing his name on the windows. How long Jack will stay in the city, we cannot tell; but this we can say with truth,—his presence has been sensibly felt for some days past. He had been hovering about our vicinity the greater part of the winter, and has made occasional calls in the city, but he seems to have selected Sunday night for his triumphal entry.

The Press.

We have ever deemed the liberty of the press one of the most beautiful and beneficial principles recognized by our republican constitution. But there is a wide difference between the *liberty* and the *licentiousness* of the press. A *free* press, according to our definition of the term, is the best and most effectual champion of the rights of the people, and the dignity of the nation; while, on the other hand, a *licentious* press, in the hands of dishonest and unprincipled men, is a mighty engine of discord and disunion, and its natural tendency will be, to overthrow the liberties of our country. This difference should be carefully marked by all who preside over the periodical press of our country.

The Portuguese War.

Under this head, the January number of Blackwood's Magazine has a long and unusually interesting article. In order to give a clear view of the ground of quarrel between the two brothers who are contending for the diadem of Portugal, the

writer has gone back to the foundation of the Portuguese monarchy in the person of Don alonso Henriquez, in 1143; and has given a succinct history of the kingdom from that period to the present. If the facts stated in this article are true, it would appear that the claim of Don Pedro to the throne and scepter is without the shadow of a foundation. But it is a matter of little moment to us, citizens of a republic, who sits on the throne of a petty kingdom of Europe. The interest of Blackwood's article consists in the historical anecdotes connected with the formation and progress of royal government in the Brazils.

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

Messrs Peck & Newton of this city, have made arrangements for the republication of this highly popular periodical, in weekly sheets of 32 large octavo pages each. We have seen a proof of the first half sheet of the January number, and cannot but admire the taste with which it is executed. It is printed on a beautiful type, which was cast expressly for this work. It would be folly for us to attempt a laudatory compliment for Blackwood, whose praise is in the mouth of every lover of periodical literature. We will only say that the re-print is cheaper by about one half than the original Magazine, and add the hope that the publishers may be abundantly rewarded for this attempt to accommodate the public.

The Diamond.

Amid the multiplicity of baser stuff which is constantly issuing from the press, in the shape of periodical literature, it is gratifying to observe the sparkling of a *Diamond*, whose rays may throw their light upon the darkness of surrounding objects. A neat little quarto, under the above title, has recently made its appearance at Hudson, N. Y., and comes to us richly freighted with literary and scientific treasures. If conducted on the plan of the two numbers which we have seen, we predict for the *Diamond* a pleasant and useful career; and we cordially extend to the editor our warmest wishes for his success.

To Correspondents.

"*Reflector*" came to hand too late for an insertion in this number, but shall appear in our next.

The communications from "*Lewellen*" & "*Z.*" came to hand too late for an insertion in this number, but shall have a place in our next.

A number of articles are on hand, which will be attended to in due season.

A spindle shanked old gentleman, having put on a new pair of boots, said to a friend, "What do you think of my new boots?" who shrewdly replied, "Sir, your boots look very well—but your legs appear in them much like a rope in a well."

That man deserves to be called a light of the world, who does good even to his enemies, as soon as the hour of oppression is past.

POETRY.

*From the Album.***"Sweet Home."**

From the deep winding vale to the top of the hill,
Beside the wide river, the brook and the rill;
In states, towns and countries, wherever we roam,
There's no place that seems like the one we call home.

My home was up yonder, beside the bright bays,
Where the sun and the moon and the stars shed
their rays;

Where the nightingale sings on the top of the hill,
And in the still evening the lone whippowil.

But now in the bustle of Merrimac street,
Far different faces and people I meet:
They're strangers to me from cottage to dome,
They're not like the people I met with at home.

The thoughts of "Sweet Home," though it seems
strange to tell,

Come over me now in a fairy-like spell—
And tell oft to me when I'm seated alone,
That I am a stranger and far from my home.

NATURE'S CHILD.

*From the Amaranth.***To Sophronia.**

*On seeing her letter sealed with the inscription of
"memory blooms."*

Does "memory bloom?" Oh ask me not;
I would it in the grave were sleeping,
Where thou at last would be forgot
With dreams that now but wake in weeping.

Yes—"memory blooms" within my heart,
As flowers o'er some wild ruin springing,
Twine gaily round each broken part,
Mocking the wreck to which they're clinging.

Oh! often in the dark despair
Of one fierce pang which ceases never;
To heaven I kneel in anguished prayer,
To blot thee from my heart forever.

I dare not hope—I cannot rest,
While thus my anxious heart is writhing;
With that lone thought of thee at best,
The curse of every pulse I'm breathing.

Aye—"memory blooms" in heart and brain
But, upas like, a blight betides it;
For still it blooms the withering bane,
Of every kindlier thought besides it.

Amherst College.

F.

Married,

In this city on the 14th ult., Mr. Bartlett S. Stone of Guilford, to Miss Sarah G. Hemmingway of this city.

At Middletown, Mr. Sylvester C. Bailey to Miss Louisa Roberts.

At Chatham, Mr. Henry Snow, jr. to Miss Barbary Young.

At Mansfield, Mr. Asaph May of Woodstock, to Miss Eleanor Calkins of Mansfield.

At Stratford, (Oranoke) Mr. Morgan Curtiss of Derby, to Miss Margaret O. Curtiss of the former place.

At Oxford, (Quaker Farms) Mr. Sheldon Hull, to Miss Nancy Booth.

Died,

In this city on the 25th ult., Mr. John Blake, aged 28.

In Watertown, Capt. James Tuttle, aged 58.

In Hartford, Mrs. Harriet Linden, aged 34.

In Farmington, Mrs. Sarah G. Robinson aged 34.

In Stratford, Capt. Samuel Curtiss aged 62.

In Milford, Mrs. Susan Burritt, wife of Mr. Wilson B. of Bridgeport, aged 23.

In Oxford, (Quaker Farms) Mr. Asahel Hurd, aged 60.

A wife Wanted.

By a young man, who is, and has been for a year or two past, doing profitable business in this city. He feels that he is now as well able to support *two as one*, and takes this opportunity to notify the Ladies, that he is in want of a partner. One that has a good disposition, and sustains a fair character, and not *too* much given to the present *fashions* of the day, who has a considerable share of beauty, is not *rain* nor *selfish*, but well informed, and can converse on any subject with ease,—by dropping a line through the Post Office, giving her name, residence and occupation, directed to A. B. C. will meet with due attention.

The Three Friends.

Trust no friend before thou hast tried him, for they abound more at the festal board than at the prison door.

A certain man had three friends, two of them he loved warmly; the other he regarded with indifference, though that one was the truest of his well wishers. The man was summoned before a tribunal, and, though innocent, his accusers were bitter against him.

'Who among you,' said he, 'will go with me, and bear witness for me? For my accusers are bitter against me, and the king is displeased.'

The first of his friends at once excused himself from accompanying him, on the plea of other business. The second followed him to the door of the tribunal: there he turned back and went his way, through fear of the offended judge. The third, on whom he relied the least, spoke for him, and bore witness to his innocence, so that the judge dismissed and rewarded him.

Man has three friends in this world; how do they demean themselves towards him in the hour of death, when God calls him to judgment? His best beloved friend, gold, is the first to leave him, and accompanies him not. His friends and kinsmen accompany him to the portal of the grave, and then turn back to their own homes. The third, whom he is most neglectful of, is his good works. They alone go with him to the Judge's throne, they stand before him, and speak for him, and obtain mercy and grace.

NOTICE EXTRAORDINARY.—The following advertisement was once posted up in a country tavern by the preceptor of the village academy. "Whereas several idle and disorderly persons have lately made a practice of riding an ass belonging to Mr.—up and down the Academy stairs; now, lest any accident should happen, he takes this method of informing the public, that he is determined to *shoot* his said ass, and cautions any persons who may be riding at the time, to take care of himself, lest by some unfortunate mistake he should shoot the *wrong one*. Mr.—was never troubled again by the racing of Jack up and down the stairs.

Beautiful Sketch.

It was one of the coldest nights in December. The cold wind blew with remorseless violence. The old lady was herself ill, and begged I would step up and see how the poor woman was. It was a poor shelter. The pale moon beams played on the floor through the chinks, and the wind whistled through the broken windows.—On the bed, pale and emaciated with fever, lay the poor woman. In the cradle by the side of the bed, wrapped in a single swaddling rug, slept an infant; and in a corner near the fire, sat a little boy, four or five years of age. There was no other being in the house—no friend to soothe her distress—no nurse to moisten her parched lips with a drop of water. Poverty has few allurements—sickness has none; prudery and uncharitableness readily availed themselves of the frailties of the poor sufferer to excuse their neglect. I stepped out to procure some bread for the boy. I was not long gone, and on returning, the sound of footsteps on the floor, told me somebody was within. Oh! this was an affecting scene! A young female friend, whose genius is not unknown to her literary acquaintances, whose virtuous and amiable disposition, combined with an agreeableness of manners, rendered her beloved as extensively as she is known; had preferred to the gay scenes of mirth, to the charms of a novel, a lone unostentatious visit to the house of adversity, and the bed of sickness! Like an angel of mercy, she was administering to the comfort of the poor woman and her little infant.

I have been in assemblies of the great. I have seen woman glowing in beauty—arrayed in the richest attractions of dress, whose charms are heightened by the "pride and pomp of circumstances," of elegant conviviality. A lovely young woman in such a scene, irresistibly commands our highest admiration. But alone—at the bed of poverty and sickness, she appeared more than human—I would not be impious, but she seems almost divine.

A gentleman by the name of Mann, met a maniac, who, striking his cane on the ground, sternly demanded, "who are you?" Thinking to amuse him, the gentleman answered, "I am a double man; Mann by name and a man by nature."—"Well I am a man beside myself; so we two will fight you two;" on which he knocked him down and walked off.

THE LITERARY TABLET

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